

FIRST EDITION

TWITCHELL---EATON.

DEAD! BOTH OF THEM!

Twitchell by his own Hand, and Eaton by the Halter.

Twitchell Commits Suicide in his Cell at 4 o'clock This Morning.

Eaton is Hung at 12:50 P. M.

Full Details of the Closing Scenes.

To-day, George S. Twitchell, Junior, and Gerald Eaton quit the world, but not in company. Twitchell died at 4 o'clock this morning, in his cell, and by his own hand. Eaton expired the crime of which he had been convicted upon the scaffold at 12:50 P. M.

Mining Matters. Eaton is reported to have said, recently, that he did not mind being hung, but disliked the idea of being hung by the side of such a hypocrite as Twitchell. Such was not destined to be his fate. Yet a man cannot, even if he choose, be dainty about the arrangements for his involuntary exit from this world, especially about the sort of company he is forced to keep upon the scaffold. Twitchell was more generous, in word if not in heart. While he apparently did not regard the companionship of Eaton on the fatal trap as calculated to increase the ignominy of his death, he expressed his joy, a few days ago, at hearing that there was some hope of a respite for his condemned companion.

The Last Effort at Salvation. Twitchell had not been a politician. Therefore it was necessary that he should resort to some startling trick to cheat the King of Terrors out of a part of the prey allotted him by the courts. That sensational "confession," with all its improbabilities and incongruities, was kept back until five days remained to him as the time within which he must succeed in perverting the sympathy of the public, or else die the death the law had decreed. Then it was hurried forth, somewhat after the fashion of Jove in his launching his thunderbolts, with a great deal of pious blather and mock-heroic reluctance. It was a sad thing for a man to attempt to fasten an infamous crime upon the name of the woman whom he had sworn to love, cherish, and protect; and yet it must be done—not that he might give the halter the slip, but that a man about to be ushered into eternity might make his peace with God! Of course such a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky served to startle, perhaps to amaze, the world; but it failed to frighten anybody, and availed not to melt the hardened hearts of those who were persecuting an innocent man to the death. And having thus failed utterly to avert one jot or tittle of his approaching fate, he did not scruple to place his spiritual adviser in a very ugly position, by subsequently asserting that the document had been sent to the newspapers "against his desire and consent."

On the contrary, Eaton had been a politician of some note, and although he stoutly asserted his innocence from first to last, his friends chose rather to rely upon political machinery to secure a mitigation of the severity of his punishment. Within three days of the time appointed for his death, the time-honored appliances were brought to bear, and with marvellous rapidity—one of the elegant arts of Harrisburg legislation—an act was pushed through both houses conferring upon the Governor the power to commute a sentence of death into one of imprisonment for life or for a term of years. Yesterday it was telegraphed from the capital that the Governor would certainly sign this law without delay, and avail himself of its provisions to rescue Eaton from death. But the Governor turned over the proposed statute to his Attorney-General for his legal scrutiny, and finally, late last night, announced that in neither case would he interfere with the due course of the outraged law. Thus expired the last hope of Eaton. Charles W. Brooke, Esq., one of his faithful counsel, and Alderman William McMulla, one of his assisting friends, who had visited Harrisburg, as members of the Fortiori Hoop, telegraphed the result of the Governor's action to Mr. J. Nolan, of Sanson street, and this gentleman at once proceeded to the prison to inform Eaton that it was all up with him.

The doctored man listened attentively to the fatal intelligence, and when his full force had broken upon his mind, he exclaimed—"All right!" Then the philosophy which Twitchell had failed to cultivate came to his aid, and after a short silence he said—"Tell my friends, "telling my friends that I am very grateful for what they have done for me, and that they will have no cause to be ashamed of me, for I will die like a man."

The Interviews Yesterday. The Superintendent, since the reading of the death-warrant, has ordered that all persons whom Twitchell desired to see should be accompanied by a keeper, who should be careful to hear all conversations passing between them. This has been rigidly enforced, even with the counsel in the case, until yesterday, when it is alleged this vigilance was not insisted on, at least on the part of the keeper. At one period of the day no less than six persons were in the cell at the same time, and we are informed that private remarks were passed by at least two of the visitors. From what we could learn, Messrs. O'Byrne, Collis, and McCully, and Mr. Twitchell, Sr., were there in addition to the inspectors.

Twitchell's Last Day on Earth. Early yesterday morning, when Dr. Smith, the prison physician, visited Twitchell's cell, he found him much prostrated physically and mentally, and, for the first time since his confinement, in

asked for a glass of wine. The doctor informed him that he had none, but would allow him some brandy. This was given to him, and the small quantity given seemed to revive him. Shortly after wards, two of his male friends visited him and took a final farewell. All were greatly affected, Twitchell weeping bitterly as he bade them good-bye. Later in the day, his aunt also called and bade him farewell. His father called in the morning and also in the afternoon, and at the last visit the final parting between father and son took place.

The scene is represented to have been very affecting. During the time not devoted to these leave-takings, Rev. Mr. Brighthouse was with him, conferring and administering religious consolation. Twitchell expressed his willingness to meet his fate, but his physical system was so much shattered within the past two days that fears were expressed lest he should not be able to walk unassisted to the gallows. As long as there seemed to be the least hope of a respite, he bore himself with a good deal of fortitude, but when there was no longer reason to believe that the Governor would interfere, Twitchell began to exhibit such a state of nervous prostration, consisting of pining and objecting. He has at times wept freely, and uttered such lamentations as showed him to have the gallows constantly in view.

After one of these outbursts on Tuesday evening a gentleman connected with the prison visited the cell, and the condemned, in the hope of reasoning him into a more composed state of mind, and of inducing him to look upon death more philosophically. "You know, George," he said, "that all men must die, and that it is a question of time and you should view your approaching end with more resignation and less of fear. "I cannot," he said; "the thought that I am to die in so short a time is terrible; I have tried to look death in the face with courage, but it is impossible." Here he paced his cell in a manner showing a fearfully distressed state of mind, and then he burst into tears as before. Finding that he could not make an impression upon him, the visitor left him.

Twitchell has expressed a wish that his father should be taken care of if anything is left out of the property in a man's name, consisting of a saw-mill and a patent-right for the manufacture of shingles. He had contracted to furnish a million of shingles to a party, and when the murder was committed two hundred thousand had been delivered. Beside a chattel mortgage of \$1500, held by John H. Starr, on the property, valued at \$7000, there are claims against it amounting to \$4000. The money invested in the shingle factory was furnished by the wife. Mrs. Twitchell has stated that she would willingly give all she possessed to obtain a respite for her husband.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a visit was paid to Twitchell's cell by some of the representatives of the press. Upon entering the cell, which is situated on the third floor of the prison, the door, Twitchell arose from the couch on which he was sitting, and greeted them in a very pleasant manner. To a casual observer no difference could at first be detected in his appearance at the present time from that during his protracted confinement when he was sentenced to death; but upon looking at his face a few moments, one could not fail to be impressed with the fact that the dreadful fate which awaited him nearly distracted him. At times he closed his eyes, then he would look at them and look at his friends, his observers, as if to implore them to help him; and when a question was put to him he would answer it in a tone scarcely audible, and in a dejected manner, as though he was tired of being interrogated by the same subjecting party. J. W. Brighthouse and two other gentlemen were present, which prevented our putting to him any questions touching the confession he had made. He said he tried to bear up as well as he could, considering, and that he did not expect or look for a respite from the Governor, as it was then too late.

In a few minutes after this conversation, John O'Byrne and General Collis (two more of his counsel) entered the cell. Mr. O'Byrne had the private conversation with him, and after he had finished the prisoner arose and said—"There has been a great deal said about the manner in which Mr. O'Byrne has acted in reference to me. Now I wish all of you to understand that no man could have done more than he has done for me, and I am most warmly indebted to every particular. I have great respect for all of my counsel, but Mr. O'Byrne has done more for me than any one."

Coroner's Physician Makes an External Examination of the Body. Deputy Coroner Fletcher, the Coroner's physician, Dr. E. B. Shapleigh, about 10 o'clock entered Twitchell's cell, and proceeded to make an external examination of the body, which was lying in bed, stretched at full length on the back.

Evidences of Poison. The appearance of the body indicated that death had certainly ensued from strychnine, or some other powerful mineral poison. The face presented a livid appearance, eyes and mouth wide open. The limbs were perfectly straight, and the hands were slightly contracted, showing that there had been slight spasms.

The Sheriff did not arrive at the above hour, but the Coroner deemed it best to postpone any further investigation in the matter until after the execution of Eaton. He accordingly fixed 3:30 o'clock this afternoon as the hour when the testimony would be heard. Dr. Shapleigh will in the meantime make a post-mortem examination.

No Evidences in the Cell. Mr. Fletcher made a thorough examination of the cell, but could find nothing that would lead to disclose the manner in which the poison was administered. He picked up a piece of floor-lice which had been bitten off evidently by the deceased.

The Levee. The piece of floor-lice which was picked up this morning by Deputy Coroner Fletcher evidently contained the fatal drug, which had been placed in a cavity made for the purpose.

The Witnesses of the Execution. According to the custom, Sheriff Lytle had made all his arrangements, so as to comply with the terms of the law requiring all executions in the State to be private. Only the Sheriff and his deputies, the prison officials, the attendants upon the condemned man, the Sheriff's jury, and half-a-dozen representatives of the Philadelphia press, were permitted to be present. An immense pressure, of course, was brought to bear upon the Sheriff to secure an opportunity to gratify the most unpardonable and morbid curiosity, but without avail. Shortly after 9 o'clock this morning, the party who were selected to accompany the Sheriff to the scene of the execution met at the Assembly Buildings, leaving there in time to arrive at the prison at 10 o'clock by a special car of the Tenth and Eleventh Streets Railway. The Sheriff's jury, required to be present on all such occasions, was composed of the following gentlemen:—

Ex-Sheriff G. Megee, Sr., Frederick Gerker, Joseph Wagner, David P. Weaver, Peter Armstrong, H. Gross, Albert H. Bonaffon, John J. Reese, Ignatz Becher, Henry C. Moore, James McCormick, John G. Howard.

Thomas D. Smith, Esq., the principal deputy, and the following district deputy sheriffs were also present:—

First District—Charles F. Maguire. Second District—John R. Downing. Third District—William Wagner. Fourth District—George Fisher. Fifth District—Robert M. Earle. The remainder of the Sheriff's officers present were Messrs. John Megee, Execution Clerk, and Peter H. Zell, Appearance Clerk.

At the Prison. The prison was reached shortly after ten o'clock, when, after a delay of some minutes, the jury was called to order, and proceeded to Twitchell's cell, on the third corridor. Drs. H. Yale Smith and Benjamin F. Butcher, the prison physicians, made an examination of the body.

Representatives of the press, in number, the Sheriff then proceeded to the cell of the condemned, and shortly after again appeared with him, escorted also by his spiritual advisers. The procession then took up the line of march to the place of execution.

The dress of the doomed man was rather shabby, but from service alone, and evidently not from carelessness on his part. In fact, from a side pocket hung the end of a white handkerchief, as though there had been a studied effort on his part to assume a neat and unconcerned air. The coat was of black cloth, the vest of velvet of the same sombre hue, and the pantaloons of a dark brown, sufficiently different to break the monotonous outline of mourning.

In this State the authorities still adhere to the old-fashioned double-trap scaffold as the machinery of death. In this case it occupied almost the exact spot where it stood when Gottlieb Williams and George W. Winmore, its two more recent victims, were hung. Besides being used in this city, it has recently been loaned to the authorities of neighboring counties, and in this way has been brought into use thirteen times altogether, having been erected three times, in addition, when a respite prevented its use. The long and varied service it has seen has given it a venerable and venerable appearance, and here and there the wear and tear have been counteracted by a fresh, unpainted board patch.

The Funeral March. So the solemn music for the scene of the closing act in the tragedy. If the doomed man exhibited a touch of nervousness as he took the last few steps which separated him from the brink of eternity, from the banks of that vertiginous Jordan into whose tumultuous waters he was hurled, it was not the result of any violation of his own will. It could not have been a matter of surprise to any one. Innocent or guilty, it is a fearful thing to be thus led to face the Eternal and the Impetuous, to be brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and to see the executioner coming down upon you, to struggle for the chance of another breath of God's free air, to be driven like a dog into the very jaws of death. The innocent man who is thus made to keep step to the quickening pulsations of his heart, when, "like a muffled drum," he hears the funeral march, with a solemnity to the grave, is exalted into a heroic figure. Men have died under such circumstances, when their parting words have fallen like the words of the martyrs of the olden time upon the world, fragrant with the incense of sacrifice, weighted with the forest of virtues which had made them, because so full of glory. Some men have laid down their lives willingly, cheerfully, even anxiously, when they were reasonably persuaded or infatuated with the belief that the sacrifice would be an acceptable one to the Ruler of the World, and that they were assured that their death would alleviate some of the sorrows under whose burden their fellow-creatures groaned. Yet the world does not need to be persuaded that no man can do so completely, without great schooling. And when a man's impulses are overpowered by an unnatural crime—a crime so heinous, so revolting, that all his protestations of innocence awake no merciful response in the heart of him who has been clothed with the power to execute life and death, or who, when a man swears by all that is good and holy, and calls upon high heaven to attest its truth, that his hands are without the smell of blood upon them, that his heart has never borne deadly malice against fellow-creatures, that, indeed, he has some claim to the heroic, if he can himself up stoutly and falter not exceedingly as he marches from the prison gloom out into the open air, only to put his head into a halter and die an ignominious death, with the brand of a murderer upon his forehead, and that of a cowardly liar upon his back!

At ten minutes before one the rope was pulled. For some minutes the body twitched nervously, especially the arms and hands, while the face presented the most ghastly and ghastly last-expiring throes, and Jerry Eaton was a dead man!

After Death. The body, according to custom, was permitted to dangle from the beam for a half hour, at the end of which it was cut down and, after a brief surgical examination, delivered over to the friends of the deceased, by whom it was taken for burial to his former residence on Tenth street, below Washington avenue, a distance of but two or three squares from the prison.

Outside the Prison. The scene throughout the morning. A large and eager crowd, made up mostly of boys, surrounded the prison inclosure, with eyes, mouth, and ears agape, to catch the faintest tidings from within. Lieutenant Smith, of the Seventeenth Regiment, with a force of eighty regulars, and through their exertions perfect order was maintained from first to last.

The Last Appeals. The following dispatch was sent to Governor Geary this morning by Damon V. Kilgore, the spiritualist:—

PHILADELPHIA, April 8, 1869.—His Excellency John W. Geary, Governor.—Gerald Eaton is innocent. His blood would stain your garments. For the sake of public justice stay the hand of the executioner. DAMON V. KILGORE.

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The Coroner's Inquest. Coroner Daniels this morning selected the jury to investigate the death of Twitchell. It is composed of Thomas Riddle, Esq., John E. Conrad, Esq., Hermann Diech, of the German Democrat; D. S. Lewis, of the Press; Joseph Fortescue, of the Ledger; and J. M. Kearney, of the Evening Telegraph. At half-past 3 o'clock this afternoon the jury assembled at the County Prison, and proceeded to examine witnesses.

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SECOND EDITION

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

Terrible Calamity on the Pacific Coast—Conflagration at the Gold Mines—Thirty-six Miners Burned to Death.

Ex-President Johnson's Political Tour—Affairs in Baltimore.

Financial and Commercial FROM CALIFORNIA.

Unfortunate Accident in a Nevada Gold Mine—Thirty-six Miners Burned to Death.

San Francisco, April 7.—A fire broke out at A. M. in the Yellow Jacket mine, at Gold Hill, Nevada, and soon communicated to the Kentuck and Crown Point mines. Thus far, at 1 P. M., eleven bodies have been taken from the shafts of the three mines, and other bodies are being taken at the bottom of the Kentuck shaft, but it is impossible to remove them on account of the heat.

It is uncertain how many persons are in the mines. The excitement is so great that it has been impossible to call the roll. Sixty men were at work on the two levels of the Crown Point mine, but it is not known how many escaped. The distress is fearful; the wives and children of the miners are congregated